# A PINDARIQUE ODE,

## On His Majesties Birth-Day.

By Mr. *PRIOR.*

Sung before Their Majesties at *WHITEHALL*, The Fourth of *November* 1698.

### *A Prophecy by* APOLLO.

As through *Britania*'s Raging Sea
Our Great Defender Plow'd his Glorious Way,
To make our Wishes, and his Fame compleat,
To fix a new our sinking State,
And fill the Great Decrees of Fate,
*Apollo* turn'd the Mistick Book,

In which Recorded lies the certain Doom
Of Time unborn, and Years to come;
Auspicious Omens thence he took,
Lawrel adorn'd his Brow, and Joy his Look;
Aloud he Blest the happy Day,
Whose lustre twice returned must see,
Truth Restored, and *Albion* Free.
Aloud he bad the mighty Months proceed,
All Deck'd with fair Success, and Crowned with happy Deed:
He Smil'd, and struck the Lyre and said,

Heaven has Revers'd *Britania*'s Doom:
Her promised Day appears, her better Fate is come.
The gentle Star, whose joyful Ray,
Enliven'd this Auspicious Day,
When *Holland* blest the Hero's Birth,
Doth with diffusive Goodness shed,
It's larger Gifts, o're *Britain*'s rising Head,
And thence, around the Joyful Earth.

Ye Sacred Muſes, whoſe Harmonious lays
Are deſtin'd to Record his Praiſe.
Prepare with Solemn Joy, prepare
The chearful Conſort of the War:
Awake the Trumpets, rouze the Drums,
The King, the Conqueror, the Hero comes,
With ſhining Arms he deck's the liſted Fields,
*IO Britannia!* They, *VERNE* yeilds,
*IO Britannia!* Bleſs the Conqueror,
Put all thy Glory on, exert thy Power;
And greet thy *WILLIAM*'s happy Toil,
Aſſert the Sea, defend the Iſles,
And on the lower World look ſafely down,
Thy Self a World alone.

See on the Continent appear
Engaging Troops and ready War.
On Foreign Plains the Britiſh Armies ſhine,
*WILLIAM* leads on, and Victory purſues,
And on *Sein*'s Bank the Hero well renews
The Glories of the *Boyne*.
Deliver'd *Gallia* dreading now no more,
Tyrannick Might, and Lawleſs Power,
Obeys her Antient Conqueror.
O're *Europe* freed Victorious *WILLIAM* Reigns,
And ſullen War, and vanquiſhed Pride,
Behind his Chariot Wheels are Tyed
In Everlaſting Chains.

Bid the Drums and Trumpets ceaſe,
And Tune the ſoft Inſtruments of Peace;
All that through Speaking Pipes convey
Sounds of Delight, and Images of Joy;
All that by Artful Charms, or Vocal Wires,
In happy Numbers gently can Expreſs,
All the Pleaſure, all the Bliſs,
That *WILLIAM*'s Cares Deſerve, or *MARY*'s Love Requires.

*MARIA* now no longer Fear
The doubtful Chance of horrid War;
No longer Arm thy Hero with thy Prayer,
To Battle he no more ſhall Ride,
No more for Thee, and His *Britania* Bleed.
*Saturnian* Ages are renewed, and Golden Times ſucceed:
The ſhinning Years begin their happy Race,
With Conqueſt Crown'd, and Bleſt with Peace.

Fair Plenty opens wide her bounteous Hand,
And throws her Gifts o're all the Land.
Virtue does with Heaven conſpire,
To make *Britania*'s Joys entire,
Whilſt *WILLIAM*, and whilſt *MARY* Reign.
*Aſtrea* has forſook the Stars,
And joyned her Throne to Theirs,
Nor ſhall return from Earth again,
Whilſt *WILLIAM*, and whilſt *MARY* Reign.

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